

AMERICA

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**THE UNKNOWN
SAINT PATRICK**

Sister Mary Thecla

**SAINT BRIGHID
MARY OF THE GAEL**

A. J. Reilly

Profits And Prosperity

Alphonsus Diemer

"Little" Collaborators

Hugh F. Costigan, S.J.

TO OUR DELEGATES

An Editorial

SCIENCE
NOTES

NATION
AT WAR

WASHINGTON
FRONT

THEATRE
FILMS

UNDERSCORINGS
PARADE

THE WORD

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXXII

15 CENTS

NUMBER 24

Jesuit PHILIPPINE Mission

INTRAMUROS	Church of San Ignacio; Grade School; Mission Procure
SOUTH MANILA	University; High School; Retreat House; Manila Observatory
BALINTAWAK	San Jose Seminary for Native Priests
NOVALICHES	Noviala; House of Studies
NAGA	High School
ZAMBOANGA	Cathedral; High School; Mission Stations; Leper Colony
NORTHERN MINDANAO	Cathedral; College; High Schools; Numerous Churches and Parish Schools; Leper Colonies
CULION	Leper Colony, with 6,000 patients

"More than three years have elapsed—years of bitterness, struggle, and sacrifice—since I withdrew our forces and installations from this beautiful city that, over and under fire, its churches, monuments and cultural centers might, in accordance with the rules of warfare, be spared the violence of military ravage. THE ENEMY WOULD NOT HAVE IT SO. And much that I sought to preserve has been UN-NECESSARILY DESTROYED by his desperate action at bay."

General MacArthur
February 27, 1945

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COMMENT ON THE WEEK

The People and the Conference. Eight men will speak for America at San Francisco; but spiritually we are all delegates. (We may remember that Pius XII rested his hopes for peace on the people.) Here is one way of doing our share. Let every one of us make a private novena just before the Conference, begging Heaven's light on it and praying that in its proceedings God's Name may be honored and the moral law clearly recognized. The Missal—we might well make it a novena of Masses—gives appropriate wording in its Prayer for Peace.

Voting Compromise. The voting formula for the Security Council announced by Secretary of State Stettinius is, in a way, an index to the feelings of the great Powers about world organization. They are desperately anxious to avoid a third world war. Not even the biggest of the Big Three could contemplate that with equanimity. But old concepts of sovereignty are so ingrained that they are not yet ready, it would seem, to abandon definitely the last argument of kings. President Roosevelt, for instance, knew that there is a strong American sentiment, both in the Senate and out of it, against our being committed to military action against our will. And that could happen, if the American delegate's vote against military action did not operate as a veto. A Russian, British, French and Chinese veto follow as a matter of logic. Under the compromise arrived at, the actions of any nation which seem to threaten a breach of the peace may be the subject of investigation by the Council, which will have the power to refer the matter to the world court or to the General Assembly. In short, no nation, however big, can prevent the airing of the dispute and the employment of pacific means of settlement. If one of the great Powers, at this stage, refuses to accept pacific settlement, then, veto or no veto, the stage is set for a third world war. The world organization, with the Yalta compromise, allows us to hope that experience may teach nations the utter folly of war as a means of vindicating national interests. Without the organization we cannot even hope.

Reorganizing the Team. At the end of the feverish fortnight following the President's return from Yalta, new faces appeared in several key spots in Washington. They were new, though, only in a restricted sense, since all of them have long been familiar sights in the Capital. Former Vice President Henry Wallace was finally confirmed by the Senate and re-entered Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet as Secretary of Commerce. Judge Vinson, Director of Economic Stabilization, was appointed to succeed Jesse Jones as Federal Loan Administrator. Into Mr. Vinson's shoes stepped William H. Davis, Chairman of the War Labor Board, and his place was taken in turn by Dr. George W. Taylor, hitherto the Board's vice-chairman. All in all, this re-shuffle should tend to strengthen the team which Congress and the President have charged with administering the war economy and preparing for peace. In Administration circles, no one has been more prominent than Mr. Wallace in urging fulfilment of the postwar employment pledges made by both Parties during the recent Presidential campaign. As Secretary of Commerce, he can do something about redeeming those pledges. Judge Vinson was a compromise choice for Loan Administrator, and a popular one. As WLB Chairman, Mr. Davis has been identified with the stabilization program from the beginning. In this new position he can be expected to work closely with

Dr. Taylor, his successor as head of WLB, as well as with OPA Administrator Chester Bowles. In view of organized labor's current drive against the "Little Steel" formula, these three men are on the hottest spot in Washington. They should be given a sporting chance to solve what is admittedly a complex and seemingly insoluble problem.

Like a Bursting Portmanteau. It was Sir Richard Livingstone, distinguished English educator, who thus referred to our modern school curriculum. And now Dr. C. O. Arndt, senior specialist in Far Eastern education of the U. S. Office of Education, would burden the bursting curriculum with yet another "must" subject. He insists that teacher-training institutions and universities should require of prospective teachers and of students a thorough study of international relations and of the Far East especially. Pity on teacher and student! Education is a high word, said Cardinal Newman. He was right, of course; but he knew what educators today don't—or have forgotten—that education isn't given alone by teachers in school. It is a life work. Teachers can only help students to learn how to carry on and complete their education. The school's job, as Irving Babbitt used to say, is to pound and pound on central subjects, on central ideas, till the students' ears ache. It isn't to stuff as many subjects as there are letters of the alphabet into students' heads. It can prepare them to grasp and be interested in big ideas and big problems. But making courses about the Far East a required part of the curriculum confuses the limited goal of the school with the wider goal of education; it makes more fuss over foliage than root; it deceives students into thinking their education is complete when school is out.

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Miners' Wage Demands. It would not be correct to report that Government officials and rival labor leaders joyously slapped one another's backs when John L. Lewis announced his contract proposals for the nation's 390,000 bituminous coal miners. But from this corner they did appear to be relieved. Following the lead of CIO President Philip Murray, who persuaded United States Steel and the War Labor Board to grant a number of "fringe" demands to the steelworkers, and of James C. Petrillo, who forced the electrical-transcription industry to underwrite a postwar employment fund, Mr. Lewis asked for vacations with pay, full travel time, overtime pay after 35 hours, a dozen other concessions, together with a ten-cent royalty on every ton of coal, the money to be used to finance a health program for the miners. There was no call to break the "Little Steel" formula. On the contrary, the graying Chieftain of the miners stated explicitly that his demands in no way violated the Government's anti-inflation program. To Federal officials fighting desperately to hold the line against inflation, this was reassuring; as it was to AFL and CIO leaders who could ill afford to have Mr. Lewis gain credit for breaking "Little Steel." But there was no rejoicing, and there will not be any until a contract has been duly signed and approved. Only then can the possibility of a strike be safely ruled out.

Operators' Reply. Whatever relief may have been felt by Government officials was obviously not shared by the coal operators. Clearly surprised by the nature and amplitude of the Lewis proposals, they could do little more than roughly calculate the cost of the bill and agree to discussion. Some estimates of their liability ran as high as three dollars per miner a day, the royalty demand alone, based on 1944 production figures, amounting to \$60,000,000. In replying to Mr. Lewis, Charles O'Neill, spokesman for the operators, referred to the ten-cent royalty as a "most unusual demand," and stressed the obligation of all citizens "to accept the ruling of the Government, which is engaged in a deadly war for the preservation of the Republic." His cautious address indicated that the operators would not bow easily on the "royalty" issue and, as in 1943, would trust the Government to keep the miners on the anti-inflation reservation. One of Mr. Lewis' proposals—the right to strike without violation of contract to prevent shipment of coal to consumers whose workers were out on a legal strike—did not go unnoticed in quarters far removed from the conference in Washington. Thought to have ambitions in the direction of the war-expanded chemical industry, Mr. Lewis might well use a veto on coal shipments to persuade unwilling employers of the values of unionization. However obscure the future industrial picture may be, this wage conference makes it certain that John L. Lewis will have a prominent place in it.

A Silent Rebuke. Every outburst of hatred or intolerance against the Catholic Church seems to bring a compensation in the form of a corresponding expression of charity and understanding. This is particularly true in the Southern States, where the Church is steadily gaining in friends, and where few people are wholly indifferent or apathetic to religion. Recently the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Raleigh, N. C., Dr. Broadus Jones, preached a sermon on the "Contributions the Catholics Have Made to Religion." Dr. Jones, according to *Religious News Service*, pointed to the unity of the Catholic Church as an example to Protestants, and explained that Catholics take no racial or geographical view of their problems, and dwelt on the Church's spirit of evangelism and the greatness of its Saints. Actions like that of Dr. Broadus Jones are a silent, but effective

rebuke to the light-headed signers of protest cards circulated by the professional trouble-makers of the *Protestant*.

Russian Internationalism. It is rather customary to quote the warnings of the Austrian scholar, Prof. F. A. Hayek, on the dangers of planned economy, and to stop there. Professor Hayek was a close observer and is a most competent critic of State Socialism as he saw it in Germany before the Nazi regime. Certain warnings can be useful and timely. But it is one thing to show how mistakes may be made in attempting to provide full security and full employment, quite another to offer a guide to the economic labyrinth. Writing in *Thought* for March, 1945, Prof. N. A. Timasheff, of Fordham University, utters his own warning. Russian internationalism, he says, has already passed through three different stages. At the present time, in its fourth, or "esoteric" stage, it is largely dormant but can wake again under certain conditions; if, for instance:

... the advanced countries do not solve the major problems of the postwar period, those of general security and full employment, and do not help the nations in distress and the backward peoples, especially in South-eastern Europe and Asia, gradually but conspicuously to improve living conditions.

Mere cautions against Socialism are insufficient. Our first job is to answer the questions which Socialism persists in putting to us, answering them promptly and effectively.

Catholic Faith in the Holy Eucharist. Pittsburgh papers recently carried the story that the Rev. Stanley Idzik, pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in that city, risked his life to rescue the Blessed Sacrament from his burning church. Forced back three times by the flames, he finally fought his way through the smoke and scorching heat to the Tabernacle. Such actions, which are recorded from time to time in the newspapers, must make non-Catholics rub their eyes with wonder. Actually they are a striking manifestation of the depth and reality of Catholic faith in the Real Presence. According to that faith, the living personality of Jesus Christ, God and man, is present beneath the sacramental veils. He is present not merely in the "dynamic" sense of Calvin, nor in the "symbolic" sense of Zwingli, nor is He present in the Sacrament merely when it is "used." Contrary to these doctrines, Catholic Faith teaches that the whole Christ—Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity—becomes present at the moment of Consecration and remains present as long as the outward appearances of bread and wine remain. It is this faith which explains Catholic devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

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THE NATION AT WAR

THE MILITARY SITUATION OF GERMANY appears to be rapidly becoming desperate. That the German people themselves think so is evidenced by the increasing numbers of prisoners taken.

The bombing of German cities is causing a shocking loss of lives. As the area held by the German army becomes smaller, the intensity of the bombing increases. The ability to manufacture munitions, and even to feed the population, is steadily disappearing. How large the stocks on hand may be is unknown. Here again German difficulties are augmented by the constant air attacks against their railroads. How Germany still manages to distribute supplies to her army and civilians under the tremendous punishment she is taking is a mystery.

The German armies seem unable to do anything except resist. In certain sectors the resistance is good, but in other sectors the Germans are being pushed back. The Anglo-American armies are closing in on the Rhine on the west. On the east the Russians are closing up to the Oder River at its north end. Every day the Germans lose something. Gains are made only in rare cases, and the few made are unimportant.

The German press and radio have not concealed their nation's disasters nor the gravity of the situation. The people know all about the constant retreats of the German troops. They are only too well aware of air destruction from the incessant Allied air raids.

Under these circumstances appeals have been made to all Germans, and to German officers in particular, not to continue a hopeless war but to surrender at once. General Eisenhower is losing no opportunity to make it clear that surrender they must, and that the earlier this is done the better it will be for all.

In the meantime the attacks against Germany are being maintained at the highest possible level. The Germans are evacuating the area west of the Rhine, and will not make a decided stand again until they are across that river. In the east, they are being slowly forced back by Russian armies across the Oder. On these two rivers—the Rhine and the Oder—the next great battles are due.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

SINCE the President's report on Yalta and the apparent success of the Pan-American meeting at Mexico City, the thoughts of Washington are turning more and more to international relations. Nobody can ever keep this city from guessing, and one of its biggest exercises in that line has to do with the coming San Francisco meeting.

One of these guesses is: is San Francisco going to be a dog fight, or are its decisions already in the bag (viz., a diplomatic brief case)? France seems to expect it to be a real battle, and perhaps our State Department does also, or why did it oppose a previous Pan-American agreement for a united front?

Then, it is asked, are our Republican delegates to represent the United States or the Republican Party? Senator Vandenberg tells us he has received from the President an assurance that he will have "freedom of action." That would seem to mean that he will represent only himself or his party, and will be free to oppose any proposal that comes officially from the Administration. To judge from the press dispatches from Mexico City, our delegates there fought out their differences in the open.

If that happens at San Francisco, where will Mr. Stassen stand? There does not seem to this observer to be any real mystery about why the former Governor of Minnesota was chosen as a delegate. He will be a counter-weight to Mr. Vandenberg; for if the Senator does not go as far as the State Department, Mr. Stassen goes much further, and they may cancel each other out.

A third source of guessing is the exact degree of publicity which the San Francisco meeting will enjoy. Yalta was as secret as Mexico City was open; the Hot Springs food conference was as secret as the Bretton Woods meeting was public. I am assured on good authority that as far as we are concerned San Francisco will follow the Bretton Woods system rather than that of Hot Springs. But then, one asks, how will secretive Russia like that? Perhaps a middle course will be taken, something like the old League-of-Nations method; preliminary meetings in secret and public meetings when differences are composed or else are irreconcilable. But then, how will the American press like that?

WILFRID PARSONS

UNDERSCORINGS

ARCHBISHOP MOONEY of Detroit, Chairman of the Administrative Board-N.C.W.C., predicts full Catholic participation in the United National Clothing Collection which will begin on April 1 and continue throughout the month. The collection seeks 150 million pounds of serviceable used clothing, shoes and bedding for war victims in the liberated countries. "Catholic congregations of the entire country," the Archbishop predicted, "will respond, as they have in the past, to this new appeal for clothing for stricken humanity." ▶ "Not the Nazis but the practice of contraception will bring about the downfall of England" warned Halliday Sutherland, well known doctor-author, in a lecture at Bolton, Lancashire. "The average family," he said, "has declined from seven children in 1850 to one in 1931 and at the next census it may be found that the average family has no child at all."

▶ The newest issue of the annual publication *Attività della Santa Sede* ("Activities of the Holy See") has just been released by the Vatican Press. The volume, which has neither

official nor semi-official character, reviews the principal Vatican events from Dec. 15, 1943, to Dec. 15, 1944. "Limited to a schematic summary of Pontifical activity," says the Preface, "these pages afford a concise idea of the always greater and providential participation of the Holy See in international life."

▶ British Catholic opinion, as reflected in the leading Catholic weeklies, is seriously disturbed by the Yalta decisions regarding Poland and their relation to the Atlantic Charter. "After five years of unexampled injustice and unexampled martyrdom," writes the *Catholic Times*, "the Polish people are told to accept a group recently foisted on them . . . although that group is known to stand only for the Russian policy of the fifth partition."

▶ The new Latin translation of the Psalms, which has been in preparation for some time, is now being printed, according to N.C.W.C. *News Service*. The new version was translated from the Hebrew text and is said to conform more exactly to it than the present one. LOUIS E. SULLIVAN

SAINT BRIGHID, "MARY OF THE GAEL"

A. J. REILLY

IT IS COMMONLY BELIEVED that at the death of Saint Patrick, toward the close of the fifth century, Ireland had been completely converted to Christianity. The Faith had been accepted, outwardly at least; the power of the druids over men's minds and men's actions had been destroyed; the learned orders were on the side of the "druid Christ." In the words of a modern Irish poet:

The druid dropped his ogham wand,
And said, "Another day's at hand,
A newer dawn is in the sky:
I put my withered sapling by.
The druid Christ has taken breath
To sing the runes of life and death.

There remained, however, practices obnoxious to the teachings of Christianity, old customs pagan in spirit and, above all, the stiff-necked pride of men who learn humility with difficulty. More than one generation is required to wean men from habits of thought graven upon their minds for thousands of years.

TORCH-BEARER OF THE FAITH

With the passing of Saint Patrick, therefore, there was grave danger that unless an inspired leader arose, a strong and courageous spirit, Ireland might sink back into a state of semi-paganism. We look in vain, however, for such a spirit among the many good and holy men who had helped Saint Patrick to light the torch of Faith throughout the country. On none of these did the mantle of his leadership fall. One name alone dominates the period between the death of Saint Patrick and the rise of Saint Columcille—the name of a woman, Brighid, Abbess of Kildare. The little that is known concerning the life of Saint Brighid has become a commonplace to Catholics, but of her character most of us are profoundly ignorant. Her later biographers, it would seem, were more concerned with preserving the legends detailing her miraculous powers than in portraying a woman remarkable enough not only to leave an indelible imprint upon her own age but to influence each succeeding generation almost down to our own. Obviously a woman of force and originality, her closest counterpart is the great Saint Teresa of Avila. Both were women of great beauty, great intellect and great wisdom, absolutely fearless in carrying out their inspired work.

Brighid possessed in a remarkable degree faith, courage, learning—three qualities honored in Irish literature from time immemorial. To these were added intellectual gifts of high order, organizing and administrative abilities; sound, clear judgment; profound knowledge of social conditions and practical common sense. The mainspring of her actions was charity. "This was her desire," writes the old annalist, "to satisfy the poor, to expel hardship, to spare every miserable man." Yet in all that she did she was practical as only the saint and mystic can be practical.

She undertook the work nearest to her hand—that of bettering the condition of women. True, in Ireland the position of women of the wealthier classes was enviable for the time; but the poor were little better off than elsewhere in pagan or semi-pagan lands. Saint Brighid worked unceasingly to release women from military service, from bondage and from other humiliations under which they suffered. She was in truth the first advocate of "Women's Rights." She

established standards of womanhood which have lasted down to our own time and have leavened society in every country whither Irish women have gone. This she accomplished by making it possible for women to engage in ennobling work. She knew the ignominy both of slavery and of idleness. Work in the Christian spirit is the salvation of the soul and of the nation.

PATRON OF SOCIAL SERVICE

Saint Brighid founded a community with a threefold purpose; to relieve the poor, to educate the orphan, to care for the aged—a fairly comprehensive social-service program. Indeed, she may be considered the first social worker and official patroness of modern Social Service. She was not, of course, the first of her countrywomen to dedicate her life to the service of God. One of the fruits of Saint Patrick's mission was the number of virgins who renounced the world to live a life of holiness. They, however, had forsaken the world both literally and figuratively, retiring to some remote spot to live in seclusion. Saint Brighid established a community of women actively engaged in the world, but not of the world. Into this community, where there was neither bond nor free, she received both bond and free and taught all how to work, how to pray, how to live; for then as now it was true that no civilization can be better than its women. Her work grew, her foundations multiplied, her fame spread.

"MARY OF THE GAEL"

Gradually leaders of Church and State began to realize that there was a new spirit abroad in the land and sought her counsel (which they did not always follow). In those days, as today, conferences were held to discuss matters of far-reaching importance, and more and more it came to be the accepted practice to hold these gatherings at one of the convents governed by the Abbess of Kildare, where the right of sanctuary was strictly enforced and free discussion assured. Did the Lady Abbess, herself, join these conferences? There are many indications that she did. From the words of the old annalist it is easy to picture her in the midst of the assembly: "Never hath there been any one more bashful, more modest, more gentle, more humble and eager or more harmonious." Again we are told that "she was innocent, she was prayerful, she was firm, she was forgiving"—qualities vital to the successful outcome of serious deliberations. Her character is summed up in the beautiful tribute: "Her heart and her mind were a throne of rest for the Holy Ghost." Then, as if unable adequately to describe her virtues, the scribe climaxes his praise with the words, "She was—Mary of the Gael!"

An ancient poem said to have been composed by Saint Brighid to welcome a gathering of notable guests has come down to us and reveals that the busy, active foundress and administrator of many convents was a rare mystic. The following translation retains the spirit of the original Gaelic.

I would like a great lake of ale for the King of Kings,
I would like the people of Heaven drinking it through
time eternal.

I would like the viands of faith and pure piety;
I would like the flails of penance in my house.

I would like the people of Heaven in my house;
I would like the baskets of peace to be theirs.

I would like the vessels of charity to distribute,
I would like the caves of mercy for their company.

I would like good cheer in their feasting,

I would like Jesus, too, to be among them.

I would like the three Marys of illustrious fame,
I would like the people of Heaven from all parts.

I would wish that I were a rent-payer to the Lord
That I should suffer distress and that He would bestow
on me a good blessing.

Another little poem, "Saint Brigid's Pantry Song," if not actually her composition, has caught her simplicity and directness:

O God, bless my pantry,
Pantry which the Lord has blessed,
Never be lacking in aught.

Mary's Son, my Friend,
Come and bless my pantry,
Let there be abundance ever on the board.

Lines like these help us to realize how great are the inroads made by paganism on modern Christian life where even grace at meals is almost a forgotten rite.

A poetess herself, Saint Brigid has been the inspiration of poets from her own time to ours. Her beauty, her grace, her long golden hair, her exquisite hands, her eyes which "saw beyond the things of sense" have all drawn their full meed of poetic praise. A Scots-Gaelic poet sings of

Bonnie, sweet Saint Bride
Of the yellow, yellow hair.

She was as popular in Scotland and Iona, where the legends around her name were as many as in her own Ireland. She was "Brigid, gentle, of the kine" or the "milkmaid of the snowy hands" because of her preoccupation with the dairy in an age when cattle were the measure of wealth and represented the revenues which she disbursed with so lavish a hand among the poor.

Because of her achievements in the arts as well as because of her interest in education, she quickly became the patroness of the "sons of reading," as students were called in her day, and was especially honored by men of letters. Scribes were accustomed to place at the head of their manuscripts the invocation, "O Brigid help me" and celebrated her as the "queen of all the holy virgins" of Ireland. She was the "head of the nuns of Erin," wrote Aengus the Cele Dé in the eighth century. It is thus we see her in the following beautiful tribute:

Sit thou safely enthroned, triumphant Brigid,
On the side of the Liffey far as the strand of the ebbing
sea;

Thou art the sovereign lady of banded hosts,
God's counsel at every time concerning Virgin Erin
Is greater than can be told;
Glittering Liffey has been the land of others in turn,
It is thine today.

The force of Saint Brigid's personality, the powerful influence she wielded as a teacher, reformer and molder of public opinion is evidenced in the fact that in this crazily rocking world with its shifting standards and its unstable values the phrase "Irish mother" still has the connotation of womanliness and piety and strength, of gentleness, patience and charity.

The age in which Saint Brigid worked was singularly like our own. The evils against which she struggled are the evils of our day. By any standards a modern woman, this saintly Abbess of Kildare, often invoked of old:

O Brigid spread
Above my head
Your mantle bright
To guard me.

In our need today, we call on her again.

TURNING PROFITS INTO PROSPERITY

ALPHONSUS DIEMER

MANY PEOPLE TODAY are looking fearfully to the future and asking: "How can we ensure postwar prosperity?" And despite the unprecedented size of our national income, that is a question we may well ponder.

The basic essential for economic security is that the people have the purchasing power to obtain everything they need that cannot be produced through their own efforts. As a nation, we certainly have the manpower and machinery to produce all the goods we can ever put to good use. Many think, therefore, that full employment with adequate production will automatically bring prosperity; but even full employment cannot create the necessary purchasing power unless the consumer's share of the national income is sufficient to buy what he needs.

PROFITS VS PURCHASING POWER

In our economy, what is done with the profits of business enterprise—especially of big business—provides the give-or-take range for a proper distribution of the national income. Profits, as here discussed, are what is left from the earnings of a business enterprise after all expenses have been deducted. Of course liberal capitalism, which often esteems profit more than human welfare, makes unnecessary inroads on consumer purchasing power in other ways besides its use of profits, but these secondary features will not be considered here. Neither will I discuss the morality of the profit question. I merely wish to show, in broad outline, how liberal capitalism's use of profits keeps us from achieving continuous economic security, and how the cooperative way gets at the root of that deficiency.

Under liberal capitalism an enterprise is not launched unless it promises an acceptable profit. The greater the margin of profit, taken through low wages and high prices, the smaller is the consumer's income and the home market. As long as profitable markets are assured, the great bulk of the garnered profits are reinvested to earn more profits. Strangely, the owners of the instruments of production do not seem to care that this continuous taking of profits so limits the consumer's purchasing power that he cannot buy all the goods produced. Some profitable sales can be made in foreign markets, but these are usually counteracted by investing home-made profits in foreign enterprises, which helps to make such countries more self-sufficient. But the most harmful limitation of the consumer's income occurs when over-production causes profits to be invested in unnecessary replacement and expansion or in otherwise worthless securities, or to be hoarded.

THE MAD 'TWENTIES AND SAD 'THIRTIES

Throughout the 'Twenties, reinvestment of profits to produce more reached its limit when the consumer could not buy all that was produced. Private investment no longer promised a profit, because markets were over-supplied. The unwise invested what profits they had in inflated stock and worthless securities; the "wise" put their money in the banks, which proceeded to invest it in the same type of stocks and securities until they could invest no more. Then came the blow-up in '29. After that, credit was as scarce as investment capital. Business closed down, causing unemployment with reduced consumer purchasing power.

Frantically, liberal capitalism tried to save its profits by

limiting production, reducing wages, raising prices. But this only plunged us deeper into the depression by further reducing consumer income. The Government tried various pump-priming schemes and social-security measures, but we struggled through the 'Thirties without a real recovery. Then the war brought a limitless demand for goods and hauled capitalism out of the doldrums.

We swung into maximum production with full employment at high wages. Purchasing power is now more than adequate, but consumer goods are restricted because a large part of our output is not for the home market. The Government takes the excess purchasing power in taxes or war bonds to pay for war material. It also taxes away most of the profits of business enterprise. Because this restricts the flow of private investment, the Government must start and operate many enterprises. It maintains a properly balanced economy by controlling the flow of raw materials, fixing wages and prices and rationing consumer goods. We no longer have the old liberal capitalism but economic regimentation.

ECONOMIC SECURITY AND PEACE

But what interests us is postwar economic security. When hostilities cease, the most important economic change will be the disappearance of the enormous demand for war material. After a short period for retooling, our great productive capacity will soon meet the demands of the home market. Foreign markets will diminish as each country strives for self-sufficiency. All this adds up to a strictly limited demand for consumer goods.

We can produce all we need, but will the consumer have the necessary purchasing power? The earnings of our millions of service men who replace temporary wartime wage-earners will not noticeably swell the national consumer income. While reconversion is under way, soldiers and war workers will receive cash benefits if unemployed, but this will not provide full purchasing power. People will also increase spending money by cashing war bonds, but if the national debt is not to increase, both unemployment benefits and war bonds must sooner or later be covered by an equal sum of taxes collected. Obviously, consumer purchasing power will not be limitless.

When the spur of winning the war is removed, public reaction to wartime regimentation will likely bring a speedy return to something resembling our pre-war economic set-up. When inflation no longer threatens and many government controls are removed, we can expect a resumption of liberal capitalism's old habit of taking profits at the expense of consumer purchasing power. Even though people need many things, they will not be able to buy them. This, together with shrinking foreign markets, will quickly bring overproduction; profitable opportunities for reinvestment of profits will diminish as in the late 'twenties.

Then liberal capitalism will meet its real test—a test far more crucial than that of the reconversion period. It will come when our enormous new capacity to produce provides more goods than the consumer has the money to buy at the time. Will liberal capitalism survive the test? Will it try to turn its profits into increased consumer purchasing power?

The record says no. It says that limited production will again be in vogue, that profits will be hoarded or invested wastefully, that credit will hibernate, that unemployment and depression will follow. All this seems inevitable—unless the Government takes unprecedented action to redistribute the national income. And the unfortunate fact is that such action would shockingly resemble Socialism.

In the postwar period, liberal capitalism is likely to prove impractical. Since it must take enough profit to make investment attractive, it will face this inherent dilemma: when it takes such a profit, the consumer income is not sufficient to buy the goods produced, overproduction with unemployment results; if it should forego profits to increase consumer purchasing power, investment in business would not be sufficiently profitable, production would slacken; it would start again the spiral of unemployment. Both ways spell depression, simply because profit-greedy capitalism can continue to flourish only when there is an expanding market. When it floods the market, it goes into reverse and can seldom stop short of depression or war.

THE COOPERATIVE ANSWER

It would seem, therefore, if we are to achieve some semblance of continued economic security under the capitalist system, we must: 1) increase the consumer's share of the national income; 2) prevent investment for production when there is no real need for goods; 3) secure necessary investment without the incentive of big profits.

Cooperative enterprise offers a simple solution to these problems. Credit unions, primary producer- and marketing-cooperatives, consumers' retail and wholesale cooperatives, processing cooperatives, labor unions, capital-labor co-ownership of heavy industries—all these tend in many ways to distribute the national income properly. The phase we are here concerned with is handling the profits of business enterprise.

A cooperative business enterprise, owned and operated by a group of consumers or producers, has no profits. The co-operators charge themselves the current price for whatever goods or service their cooperative renders. From this income they pay all expenses, just as a private enterprise would, with the important exception that capital is paid only a fair fixed rate of interest. The overcharge that is left is returned to the individual cooperator in proportion to his patronage. Instead of going to a few private individuals as profits, this money goes to the consumer to swell his purchasing power. It will be spent on more consumer goods instead of being hoarded or invested unnecessarily. This does not mean that consumers will have all the money they need—that is dependent on many other things besides what is done with profits. But it does mean that they will have more purchasing power because a greater percentage of the national income will find its way into the consumer's hands.

PRODUCING FOR NEED

Cooperative enterprise is also capable of preventing overproduction. Since the cooperators who own the enterprise are at the same time the consumers, they do not use their money to expand production unless there is a market for the goods. Their motive is to produce what is needed, not to produce for a profit. Thus production is not allowed to surpass purchasing power; the profit motive cannot upset the balance between production and consumption that is so necessary for a smooth-running economy.

As for achieving necessary production without the promise of large profit on investment, that difficulty disappears when the consumers who need the goods have the opportunity to launch their own enterprise. If cooperators cannot hire their capital, or if they do not care to, they pool their own savings to start their business, each contributing according to his means. Thus they do not have to wait for the goods they need until some individual thinks he can make a profit supplying them.

Cooperatives can contribute all this to a responsible capi-

talist economy. And the best feature of cooperative enterprise is that it operates as a natural force within a free enterprise system, increasingly making it more free as cooperation develops.

All that is required of the government is enabling legislation and adequate protection; there is no need for regimentation in any form. Nor must our economy be completely cooperative to achieve the desired results. A relatively few cooperatives, widely dispersed, can keep private enterprise down to a sane margin of profit; because as long as consumers and producers have the opportunity to engage in cooperative activity, no individual will dare risk his enterprise by exploiting the public. He will have to conform to cooperative standards or lose trade. He will learn to rely on greater output instead of high profits to provide his income. Thus not only the cooperators, but everyone, will find their income buying more. The net result will be larger home markets with increased production and employment to supply them.

ACTION NEEDED NOW

Now is the time, when we are settling down to a peacetime economy, to get off on the right foot. We should try to avoid liberal capitalism's mistake of taking so much profit that consumers cannot buy all the products of full employment. We should not allow the taking of profits not needed for expansion of production. We should keep our economy virile by maintaining a proper balance between production and consumption. If we do not, the Government will be asked to step in to redistribute the national income and guarantee a subsistence for everyone.

By itself, the cooperative way of profits cannot provide continuous economic security. But a widespread adoption of cooperative enterprise, with its splendid combination of spiritual and material advantages, can play an integral role in reconstructing our economy to meet postwar human needs.

"LITTLE" COLLABORATORS

HUGH F. COSTIGAN, S. J.

COLLABORATOR is a mean word in war. It may be a meaner word in peace. As in Europe, so in the Philippines and Guam, settling of scores with those who aided the enemy is under way. Unless rigidly controlled it can split peoples apart for generations, do untold injustice to individuals, serve merely as a blind for persons interested in exacting political vengeance.

There were Japanese spies and traitors in the Philippines and Guam. Some had come to those islands precisely to prepare for invasion. Others, merely immigrants, had never changed their allegiance when they changed their homes. The Japanese invasion found them ready to use their knowledge against the people of their adopted country. Few will deny that a rightly constituted government may legally punish these.

The question of Filipino and Chamorro collaborators is more difficult. Against major offenders who sold their country out to the invader, willingly threw in their lot with the occupation forces, played an important part against their own people, the national laws may be invoked in a just and legal way. The real problem lies with the "little collaborator," the citizen who was not clever enough to get out into the hills, who had a family to consider, who was picked up

on suspicion that he had information, who held some petty office which he could not resign. Every nation had its great heroes among such people. Unfortunately every nation is not exclusively heroic.

Some "little people" did break down under the physical and mental torture of the Japanese. Does that make them collaborators? If it does, thank God most Americans never had to face what some Filipinos and Chamorros of Guam did. Who but the sufferer can measure patriotism with the agony of physical torture, or the worse mental torture of parents offered the alternative of giving information or having their daughters placed in a brothel?

WHO IS TO JUDGE?

Who is to accuse these people and decide their guilt? The guerrillas? Did they really grasp the difficulties of those in Japanese hands? True, they risked their lives, chanced severe penalties if caught. But they were not captured. Would they have been stronger? From Leyte guerrillas we learn that existence for them, dangerous as it was, was often easier than for Filipinos in Jap-held towns.

Would it not be wiser to leave the accusation and the decision to others who experienced the same trials and difficulties, other "little people" who did not yield? Theirs would be a more understanding verdict. They know the motives and the urgencies that led to defections. They recall their own tragically desperate efforts to remain loyal and yet save themselves and their families from suffering. They would judge as does Mrs. Agueda Johnston of Guam.

Mrs. Johnston, a Chamorro lady married to a retired American Marine, was an outstanding resistance leader in Guam. She was not a guerrilla. Guam produced no armed guerrilla warfare. Resistance took the form of concealing and feeding American sailors hiding in the jungles. Chief among these, and sole survivor, was Warrant Officer George Ray Tweed, USN. His story has been told often, but not Mrs. Johnston's.

The Japs were desperate to capture Tweed lest he establish radio communications with the United States. The Chamorros concealed him as a symbol of their loyalty to America, their refusal to submit entirely to Japan. Tweed, in despair at the suffering he was causing the Chamorros, left his hideout to surrender. Mrs. Johnston persuaded him to go back to his cave. To her, as to most Chamorros, it was clear. He represented America and their freedom. They would pay to protect this. His part was the loneliness, the hunger, the mental anguish of knowing what tortures the Chamorros endured to protect him. Mrs. Johnston's motivation is explained in a letter written since the American invasion: "After all, the people who shielded or helped Tweed did not do this because of him personally, but because he was an American and because of the flag he represented."

Chamorro loyalty to America is almost incredible. Writes Mrs. Johnston:

To show you the narrow escape we had, five days before the American invasion Father Duenas was executed just on suspicion; and Juan Pangelinan, who guided Tweed to Antonio Artero's ranch, was beheaded. Next in line was Artero himself but fortunately he was given a tip and escaped. . . . Now that everything is over, I shudder at the thought of it all, especially when I realize that there were some who were not half as involved as I was, or not involved at all, who were tortured and executed. I shall be forever grateful to Almighty God for His guidance and deliverance.

Mrs. Johnston did not fare as well as her letter implies. Her husband, captured at the outbreak of the war, died in

a Jap prison camp. She and her family were placed on the suspect list. Arrest and interrogation followed. They refused to give information. She and her daughter, Cynthia, her son Tom, her son-in-law José Torres, were flogged by the Jap police. Still they refused to reveal Tweed's hideout.

LIVING WITH FEAR

At their arrest, the Johnstons resolved that "no matter what happened, they knew nothing and would keep their mouths shut, especially when it came to involving others." The least information might easily implicate a host of Chamorros. Very simply, in letters never written for publication, almost too intimate to quote, Mrs. Johnston describes her ordeal. She thinks she could have endured more physical punishment than she received. She could even permit her children to suffer, for she knew the penalties her confession would bring upon others. She knew the courage of her children, courage beautifully expressed by her daughter Cynthia: "Joe, Tom, Mama and I were slapped and whipped on account of the Americans hiding in the jungles. This didn't hurt our spirits any, and we were never sorry we received these beatings."

On one possibility Mrs. Johnston is a little dubious and very grateful to God. Would she have been silent if the price of silence had been the violation and shaming of her daughters? With that fear she lived for two and a half years. So did other parents. She never had to make that decision. Others did. For their actions she can find no censure. "Don't be inclined," she writes:

... to believe everything you hear. Our family went through the ordeal of so much bowing and pretending that I am inclined to believe most of those accused of collaborating with the Japs were doing it to protect their own skin. Surely it was better to greet them with a smile, receive them into your home ... rather than be placed on their black list. Such was the game we played and it worked very successfully, particularly in regard to respect for our girls. I can't say we were trusted by them, but they were almost completely fooled by us.

It was a dash of flattery, a show of friendliness, a tongue-in-cheek promise of cooperation, that won release for Mrs. Johnston and her family.

FORGIVE AND FORGET

Some few Chamorros weakened. Of these Mrs. Johnston writes:

We know who told on Juan Pangelinan and Antonio Artero, but since they were the victims of severe torture and are no longer in the world, I shall not mention their names. ... There were a few who seemed to lose their good sense; on the other hand, there were those who had no choice. We must remember that one of the greatest tragedies of war is its effect on the human mind. People would do things that in ordinary times they would never think of doing. So if I had my way, I'd consider the liberation of Guam a rebirth of all its people and all those who showed delinquencies should be forgiven and granted another chance to really live again.

Mrs. Johnston, school teacher in Guam, was one of the "little people" caught in a great crisis. She understood with stark vividness the sufferings of other "little people." From that understanding stemmed the hope that liberation might be a day of peace and reconciliation, a day to get her school reopened, her family and people back to normal living, not a day of bloodshed and retaliation. She has had her nightmare; she does not want another.

SCIENCE NOTES

THE United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, in cooperation with Science Service and the Jesuit Seismological Association, has announced its preliminary determination, based on reports from twenty-six observatories, of the center of the violent earthquake which shook Japan on December 7, 1944. The location is given as 33° N. Lat., 137° E. Long. This is about 70 miles off the coast of the main island of Honshu, 140 miles from Osaka and Kobe, 200 miles from Tokyo.

The character of the seismograms at individual stations led seismologists to believe that if the center was at sea, a seismic sea wave—or, as the Japanese call it, *tunami*—might be looked for. This expectation is confirmed by the announced epicenter, as also—and much earlier—by the report from the Japanese radio of damage done by such a wave. If the slip had occurred on or near land, the loss in life and property surely would have been catastrophic. At present all that is known is the Tokyo radio report that there were some casualties and that damage was done on the coastal stretch between Tokyo and Osaka. The further radio report that "the inhabitants of Central Japan enjoyed sitting on Mother Earth's cradle" can be taken with the proverbial grain of salt.

Comparisons were made in the press between the recent earthquake and the great Tokyo-Yokohama shock in September, 1923, but there have been other shocks which might also claim a place in the spotlight. Among these should be mentioned the one of March 2, 1933, which wrought havoc in northern Honshu. This earthquake, which is ranked among the greatest in intensity, was followed by a most devastating sea wave which was made the subject of a comprehensive report by the Japanese Imperial Earthquake Research Institute.

Earthquakes, large or small, are not isolated occurrences in Japan, for the islands have a long seismic history and are still probably the most active area in the world. Why certain regions seem to be thus "favored" with exhibitions of titanic hidden forces, and what the source of the energy may be, are questions about which the earth-scientists can only speculate—and that they have been doing in rather generous measure.

However, the array of facts to be correlated is vast and an even vaster array awaits observation and study. The time-scale on which the face of the earth has been changed over and over again is immense and the time interval during which observations have been made is short. Hence, no clear-cut and entirely satisfactory picture of subterranean processes has emerged.

The existence of seismic zones or belts in various parts of the earth is well established. The shock of December 7 took place on the southwest flank of an extremely interesting belt that extends along the line of the Marianas (one remembers Guam, Saipan, Tinian) to the middle of Japan, and cuts across its waist even to the region of Vladivostok. It is of peculiar interest because along this zone there have been in recent years numerous deep-seated shocks with depths ranging from about a hundred to three hundred miles. It is difficult to imagine how anything could slip at such depths in the earth, but the phenomenon is a well attested one, and it was Japanese earthquakes that yielded the first and best evidence.

Almost at right angles to the belt mentioned above is another well marked region with similar characteristics. This zone follows the axis of Honshu and extends up through the Kuriles. The extension of this zone into the Aleutians ex-

hibits different characteristics, for here the deep shocks seem to be absent. The earthquake of December 7 was comparatively shallow and presumably caused some notable surface displacements on the floor of the ocean.

V. C. STECHSCHULTE, S.J.

LETTER FROM THE FRONT

(This letter was not written for publication. The writer was a lay member of the Fordham University Faculty, and is now serving with the AEF. He wrote in the ordinary way to a Jesuit who had been with him on the same Faculty. AMERICA thinks that its readers will appreciate this vivid, first-hand picture of life on the battlefields.—EDITOR)

DEAR FATHER X: My turn to go to a rest camp has finally rolled around, and I'm giving myself the pleasure of writing to some long-neglected friends.

After a period of fighting in Belgium and Holland (the associations attached to those fat, dumpy windmills have changed from picturesque to sinister) we moved into Germany. Holland was a picnic in comparison. The Germans are well dug in, and every few hundred yards advance is a costly one.

Combat really rubs your nose into reality with a tremendous force and directness. You learn what evil really means, with the same physical directness as thirst or hunger. You learn what good means, too, and the closeness of Providence—again with the same startling physical directness. The things said about foxhole religion are quite true. I don't know one man who has been right up front who hasn't prayed, and prayed hard. Neither have I ever seen such quick and profound character changes—permanent, too, I believe. I don't know whether our company is typical, but the most striking product of terror and suffering mutually shared has been a deep pity and compassion that is very close to love. Humility is something else very prominent. Everyone knows that if he is still going, it is not because of skill, or knowledge or bravery on his part. Too many better men have been killed for that illusion to persist. The same goes for promotions and decorations—they are the product of longevity more than anything else.

The first day I was in combat in Germany was one of the worst I have put in. Three of us were carrying in a wounded man and we got separated from our company. (We were pulling back in darkness after a night attack.) We were caught by daylight before we could reach our lines. We found a set of foxholes along a hedge and decided to wait out events there. (We did well to wait—three men were killed trying to cross the next field that morning.) There was water in the bottom of our holes, and it was frozen on top, so we weren't comfortable. We had a can of cold C-ration stew among the four of us, and no water. The Germans knew we were there, too, and poured mortar and 88 shells in on us all day long. All of us tasted smoke, and we had a good coating of mud thrown in on us. One shell knocked off part of my parapet. On top of it, we had snipers to our right and to our rear. Why they didn't try to take us prisoners we still don't know. All four of us were Catholics, so you can imagine the quantity of Hail Mary's that went up that day. Anyhow, darkness finally came, and we made a litter and got going. Nothing ever sounded so good as the challenge from our own outpost.

Our last attack gave me another rough day. (If this is too much in the first person, it's because that's all we are allowed to write about.) Our squad of seven men was

dangling out on the left flank. We took up position in three shell holes and in about half an hour flushed out about 15 prisoners from the field we were in. (Three or four ran for it, and I don't think they made it.) Then a German tank accompanied by infantry pulled up and blasted 88 shells into our holes from about 30 feet. The first round gave me a broken ear-drum, a scratch on the nose, and a seven-year fright. (I received the Purple Heart later for the ear injury.) Two or three more rounds covered us with bricks and mud, and killed my companion. Then they kept us pinned down all day with rifle and machine-gun fire. The order was shouted to us to pull back. I was the only one with any cover, so I was detailed to bring back word that we couldn't move before dark. On the way back I ran smack into two Heinies who were sneaking up the wall of a building I had to pass. I hit the ground, and took a shot, which apparently missed, because when I last saw them they were running even faster than I was. I finally hit one of our own foxholes with a good twenty-foot leap. At night we returned to the holes we had quit that morning and found that our three-man hole had taken a direct hit during the day.

We didn't get too much sleep that night and just before dawn we attacked the village we were facing. Our squad moved up one street of houses, cleaning them one by one. Nearly every cellar brought out a prisoner or two. There were 17 in the last group we took. After three or four hours the firing died down, except for the German shells which started to come over. Our troops converged on the center of the town, and there was a lull while we waited for the orders assigning us to our next positions. Our squad marked time in a badly wrecked house. Everyone suddenly felt very hungry, as well as extremely tired. We took K rations out of our packs, and nibbled away. I saw a *Liber Usualis* in a wrecked cupboard and picked it up. I read the Vesper Psalms and found meanings in them that not even Father LaFarge ever brought out at our Quilisma meetings (the 114th Psalm, I think it was, especially).

Finally the order to move came through, and we trudged to the outskirts of the village where we dug in against the possibility of a counter-attack. Three days and nights in foxholes, and that particular episode was closed.

This could go on forever, but it can all be summed up by saying that I've had a lot of narrow escapes. I've memorized most of the 14th chapter of Saint John, and whenever I get shaky (about 35 times a day) I start saying it over to myself. I've found out that a German machine-gun can be an even more effective aid to understanding than the commentaries of Saint Augustine!

Goodbye for now. Remember me to all my friends, and don't forget us in your prayers.

DAN

WHO'S WHO

A. J. REILLY, an Irishman of New York, is a scholar imbued with the ancient traditions. His Saint Patrick's Day tribute for this year goes to another great Irish Saint, who carried on Patrick's work.

ALPHONSUS DIEMER is a young Canadian farmer, living in southwestern Ontario.

HUGH F. COSTIGAN, S.J., of Woodstock College, Md., lived in the Philippines from 1934 to 1940, where he taught all the seminarians from Guam at San José Seminary, Manila, taking up where Mrs. Johnston's educational work left off as these young men graduated from high school at Agana, Guam.

REV. VICTOR C. STECHSCHULTE, S.J., is Professor of Physics and Mathematics at Xavier University, Cincinnati, O.

A VOTE was registered on March 3 at Chapultepec under the auspices of the Mexican Government, by the Inter-American Conference on War and Peace.

The delegates at the conference were worried about what difficulties the Republic of Argentina might create for themselves and for the rest of the world. But the principles subscribed to at Chapultepec concerned matters far beyond anything relating to the present crisis. They concerned the future peace of the Western Hemisphere and the entire world as well.

It was a resounding vote for the supremacy, in international matters, of the rule of law, as the only sound basis for "the union and solidarity of the American peoples, for the defense of their rights and for the maintenance of international peace," as stated in the preamble of their "Act."

The conferees believed that "the peoples of the Americas, animated by a profound love of justice, remain sincerely devoted to the principles of international law." They "desire that such principles, notwithstanding the present difficult circumstances, may prevail in greater force in future international relations." These principles must be "reaffirmed and proclaimed at a time"—such as during the coming conference in San Francisco—"when the juridical bases of the community of nations are being established." They were not improvising, but quoted from an impressive list of recognitions, from the year 1890 on, given by the American nations to the rule of international law.

The proceedings of the Chapultepec Conference, therefore, when they are laid upon the proverbial green-baize table at San Francisco, will contain the word "justice" written in large letters at the very top, and will propose some further ideas for the consideration of the United Nations.

The small nations have a full say in the inter-American agreements. "Respect for the personality, sovereignty and independence of each American state" is seen as constituting "the essence of international order sustained by continental solidarity."

So vigorous is this expression of equality and joint responsibility that it has been called an abdication, on our part, of the Monroe Doctrine. The United States has cheerfully become one of the inter-American family, pledging our help to their interests as we pledge our cooperation with them in their needs. The political "Act of Chapultepec" was followed by a declaration of economic and commercial solidarity.

Through these mutual pledges, taken under the aegis of international law, the American nations inform the major Powers of the world that we can and intend to handle our own disputes in our way and with our own resources.

Does this mean that the American nations come necessarily in conflict with the World Security organization, as proposed at Dumbarton Oaks and the basis of all plans at San Francisco? Some anxiety is being expressed on this score.

If we substitute "possibly" for "necessarily" we may answer "yes." But there is no reason in the nature of things, nor yet in the present difficulties of the world, why the Americas need be forced into the dilemma of finding the measures they take for their own security vetoed by the interfering action of a non-American Power. The answer to such a dilemma is precisely that which we expect the San Francisco Conference to produce: a clear definition of regional rights, duties and limitations. A single world organization cannot handle all the regional problems of the

world. And no regional group can expect, in ordinary justice, to free itself from the judgment of the rest of the world as to the effect on world peace of its own particular actions. There will be twilight zones of jurisdiction, as there are in the federation of our own United States. But if the decentralizing principle is once clearly established, each authority will operate in the field most proper to it.

Such a definition will be a major challenge to the intelligence and good will of the conferees at San Francisco.

SAINT PATRICK

A RUNAWAY SLAVE who changed the history of the world—that was Saint Patrick. Whether he was Scot, Welshman or Breton no one really knows; and few, save the professional historians, really care. His greatness is not what he was but what he became. And what he became, he became through sheer faith.

By his own account he was lacking in the learning, the fluency of speech, the address that one would naturally look for in a missionary to such a race as the pagan Irish. They were cultivated, and proud of it. They were not a meek people. The Romans, for reasons best known to themselves, never attempted the conquest of Ireland. Perhaps their experience of the Picts to the north of them may have had something to do with it.

To this race Patrick, the escaped slave, found himself called to return as a missionary. He had no great desire to do so; but "woe is me if I preach not the Gospel of Christ." God's will was too clear: the "voice of the children of Ireland" rang too persistently in his ears. Strong in his faith that God's power would be made manifest in his weakness, he returned to the land of his captivity. It was not long before his faith and his courage met with a challenge.

He must have known, from his years of slavery, of the law that no fire should be lit on Easter Eve until the first fire was lit to Baal at Tara. But the law of the Church, which was the law of God, called for the Easter Fire; and Saint Patrick went ahead. He would render to Caesar the things that were Caesar's; but, emphatically, to God the things that were God's. The wrath of the High King must not stand in the way of God's service. And many generations of Irish men and women, crouching in the hills and fens to hear Mass, felt the same.

The Irish put up a magnificent fight for the freedom of their land. But alongside it they put up an even more magnificent, because more bitter, fight for their freedom as the children of God. For generations they had, willy nilly, to accept political servitude. They never accepted religious servitude. Who can doubt that it was the prayers of Patrick that kept them true through the weary centuries to the Faith preached by Patrick?

Ireland can look back with pride on the work of Irish missionaries in restoring Europe after the desolation that followed upon the collapse of the Roman Empire, when civilization seemed to have come to an end. For the Irish of that day understood that Faith is not just a gift; it is a gift that carries with it a responsibility. And the Irish of today—or, so far as we are concerned, their descendants in America—cannot be content with merely looking back, with merely pointing to the glories of the past and recalling the prowess of their ancestors.

There are present problems and present responsibilities. There is a world to rebuild after the most devastating of all wars. There is the liberty of the children of God to be vindicated for millions of our fellow-Americans. It is easy to despair; but it is not a characteristically Irish trait; and certainly it was not the way of Saint Patrick.

Our country faces a tremendous crisis, internal and external. Naturally speaking, the outlook is very discouraging. But naturally speaking, Ireland could never have been converted to the Faith; naturally speaking, it could never have kept it. Ireland's sons in the New World will not hesitate to set their hands to the tasks that lie ahead, strong in the Faith of Patrick.

SAID THE SAILOR

BACK for a while from the ghastliness of war, he grinned wryly at train delays and discomforts, talked easily and intelligently of many things, though not of those "unbelievably horrible things I've seen, that I never want to see again or talk about or even think of." He talked, for instance, of industrial production and of strikes.

Of course, he said, many of the men in service get sore at strikes and at times say some rather hard things about the strikers, but they are generally fair even in their hardness. The sailors, perhaps even more than the soldiers and marines, have seen the steady flow of materials across many oceans. They have helped put ashore in many far-off places the million and one tons of the million and one things that are necessary for fighting the war: huge machines and little parts of machines, things for destruction and things for healing, and things that are just homely little things to bring the faintest hint of home to the homeless warriors. They think, these sailors, that only a miracle of production could account for all these things in their endless flow. They wonder how in the world industry has ever been able to do it, and they think that the answer must be that, in wartime as never before, industry must have become one, a team of management and workers, pulling enthusiastically together in a common cause. That is true, isn't it, he wanted to know, because, he said, that is the big hope for the future of all of us who want to come home to jobs and to peace. They really have learned to work together, haven't they?

The strikes? Of course, there are workers and union leaders who are chisellers. Not too many of them, though. And there are employers, again not many, who are chisellers. And sometimes it is the union which is at fault, and sometimes the bosses drive the unions into a strike. At least that is how the sailors figured it out when they talked in the rests between those "unbelievably horrible things that I never want to see again, that I don't want to talk about or even think of."

Most of the men this sailor had talked to felt that industry had done and still is doing a magnificent piece of work. If that work brought with it higher wages and more decent living, the fighting men were rather glad, for after all they wanted their folks back home to live decently. That is a right they are fighting for. More than that, they saw in it all a bright promise of their own future.

It is a haunting thing, this repeated question of the sailor on leave: "They have learned to work together, haven't they?"

OUR DELEGATES to the United Nations Conference convoked for April 25 at San Francisco to give final form to the Charter of an international organization for peace and security will not go uninstructed. A nation-wide discussion of America's hopes and desires will give to our delegates an understanding of what they must insist upon at San Francisco if the world charter is to command the lasting respect and support of people.

Already it is possible to lay down a few points whose inclusion in the Dumbarton Oaks proposals is calculated to strengthen this effort at world collaboration. The Editors of this Review find themselves in close agreement with opinions voiced recently with special competence by several lay and religious groups. There already exists widespread agreement on some basic changes of a moral character. This uniformity of views gives good grounds for believing that the efforts of this nation, through its delegates at San Francisco, will consistently be bent towards realizing the aims which alone make world collaboration worthwhile.

The recommended improvements of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals which seem to be common are chiefly six:

1. *The inclusion of the name of God.* In the coming Charter the name of God, under Whose sovereignty all nations live, should be given the reverent place it demands.

2. *Clarification of conditions of membership.* Our country wants to see a truly democratic and universal organization. It will not stomach an organization to which are admitted only those nations who have declared war on the Axis. International law cannot be rebuilt by penalizing neutral nations for availing themselves of their rights under law.

3. *The Security Council and norms of justice.* The Security Council is preoccupied with suppressing disputes rather than with their just settlement. In order to prevent mere peace at any price, the Security Council must be given norms of justice to guide its conduct and to limit arbitrary action.

4. *Explicit commitment by the members of the Organization to the principle of reduction of armaments,* in conjunction with their obligation to settle disputes by peaceful means. Collective security is said to make possible reduction of national armaments. A strong organization to keep the peace should be strong in unity and in the mutual confidence of its members rather than in armaments.

5. *Wider latitude given to the possibility of future change.* This necessity of change is in two spheres: the peace settlements and the Charter itself. For the first, Chapter XII of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals regulating the transitional period may easily become a pretext to exclude future re-examination by the Organization of inevitable unjust and unwise political decisions taken by the Allies during the war. For the second, it must be noted that any one of the five permanent members of the Council can block amendments to the Charter. In view of the limitations of the Dumbarton Oaks proposals, the possibility of future amelioration should be clear, if these limitations are to be acceptable here and now. In the words of Senator Vandenberg, "decisions made under pressure of war" should be "temporary in fact as well as in name," and should "pass in full review at the final peace table."

6. *A Commission on Human Rights and Fundamental Freedoms established by the Charter, with appropriate norms such as a Bill of Rights.* The Organization will thereby have a much greater appeal to the peoples of the world and will be set upon a more sound moral and spiritual basis.

LITERATURE AND ART

UNKNOWN SAINT PATRICK

SISTER MARY THECLA

IS THERE any reason why the person of Saint Patrick should rest so obscure behind a cloud of shamrocks? For most people he is a great name, a symbol of Erin, an imposing figure in gold miter and green cope. For most he is the performer of legendary feats—lighter of the defiant fire across from Tara, winner of magical contests, a kind, even, of glorified snake-charmer. All this magnificence derives from the very early *Tripartite Life*, whose naive author endows Patrick not only with a halo but with an aura of epic accomplishments. Viewed through this biography and its long progeny of romantic variations, he is indeed "cast in the heroic mold" (as an editorial in *AMERICA* remarked last year), and certainly "not a Saint you turn to for favors."

The strange thing is that so incredibly few who love Patrick the symbol have the remotest idea of Patrick the man, the humble old Saint whom, once known, you could not help turning to—for favors, or out of simple affectionate regard. And Patrick is not so hard to know. He has written a precious revelation of himself. There is the indignant *Letter to Coroticus*, after marauding soldiers of that British chieftain had slaughtered a little white-robed band of Patrick's converts, the chrism still gleaming on their foreheads. There is his wonderfully stirring *Confession*, wherein as an old man he recounts the guiding grace that has shaped his life. However little advertised, these are as genuine documents as the famous *Lorica*: "I arise today, through a mighty strength, the invocation of the Trinity. . . ."

That the two former Patrician writings are not universally familiar is as unaccountable as it is to be regretted. One cannot read them without falling under their spell. A critic of the *Confession* has declared that "there is no more affecting document in any literature," and another states with pardonable enthusiasm that "judged as the self-revelation of a personal spiritual experience, only the Apocalypse excels it in sublimity." Few masterpieces, however, excel it in obscurity.

Although Patrick lived in the great patristic time—contemporary with Augustine, Jerome, Cyril, Chrysostom—his writings remained virtually untouched by critical scholarship until the early years of our own century. John Ruskin once observed that something should be done to increase knowledge of Saint Patrick, but he did nothing; Aubrey de Vere's interest resulted in only a bookful of rhymed legends. Then in 1905 appeared John Bagnell Bury's *Life of Saint Patrick and His Place in History*. Engaged in a comparative study of the Christian missionaries to northern Europe—Boniface, Augustine of Canterbury, Cyril and Methodius—Professor Bury found the Apostle to Ireland so perplexing a problem that he was obliged to stop and untangle it before proceeding. Otherwise, he says, "I found it impossible to gain any clear conception of the man and his work. The subject was wrapt in obscurity, and this obscurity was encircled by an atmosphere of controversy and conjecture." In the same year (1905), Archbishop Healy of Tuam published the first great Catholic study of the Saint. Of the more recent popular biographies (and these are not too well known), Helena Concannon's *Saint Patrick: His Life and Mission* (1931) and Hugh de Blacam's *Saint Patrick*, of the Husslein Science and Culture Series (1941), are probably

the best. But far richer in personal knowledge of the Saint is the simple text of his own writing, translated from the inelegant Latin of "Patrick, the sinner, unlearned verily." (Quotation will be made throughout from *Saint Patrick, His Writings and Life*—tr. Newport J. D. White, Translations of Christian Literature, Series V, Macmillan, 1920.)

It is like the diffident Patrick to have kept these slight and yet tremendous records of himself so hidden from the world. He opens his life story, the *Confession*, with the assurance that he is "the most illiterate and the least of all the faithful, and contemptible in the eyes of very many." This is not merely the conventional self-deprecation of ancient writers. Many indeed did hold him in contempt, and certainly he was not a learned man. Patrick's whole story is set down in wondering gratitude for the mighty goodness of God. . . . "Who regarded my low estate, and pitied the youth of my ignorance, and kept me before I knew Him . . . and protected me and comforted me as a father does his son."

Although Patrick undoubtedly had the gift of miracles, there is no mention of them in the *Confession*. Only once he exclaims: "Who am I, O Lord, or what is my calling, that thou hast worked together with me with such Divine power?" Remember the majestic scenes of his miracles: Patrick striking dead the blasphemous Druid priest, high-handedly whisking away the deep snow and the dense darkness, pulling little Bennen out unhurt from the ashes of the flaming hut. But see, more truly, Patrick the poor awe-struck instrument, aware of his stammering tongue, of his want of virtue and culture, continually amazed that God has thus lifted him up, "like a stone lying in the deep mire" and placed him "on the top of the wall." Nevertheless he will write of himself, because "I wish my brethren and kinsfolk to know what manner of man I am, and that they may be able to understand the desire of my soul."

Everyone knows the outline, at least, of Patrick's story. It needs no repetition here, except for bits of Patrick's own moving commentary on it. "I was freeborn," he avers plainly to Coroticus who has outraged his mission; "but I sold my noble rank—I blush not to state it, nor am I sorry—for the profit of others." Irish raiders had killed his parents in Britain (he belonged to Roman-occupied Celtic Britain, before the Anglo-Saxon invasions) and made him a slave. Only God could have sent him, once freed, back to be spent for a lifetime among his captors. "Before God and His holy angels . . . I never had any cause except the Gospel and His promises for ever returning to that nation from whence previously I scarcely escaped." When he did finally flee, after his six years, to return by precarious ways to Britain, he tells how his kindred received him as a son.

God gave him short respite. Soon the angel began to come to him in sleep, bringing "many letters," and finally one night the pleading of the Voice of the Irish that he come and walk among them once more. Years later Patrick still remembers: "I was exceedingly broken in heart, and could read no further. And so I awoke." The kind relatives protested, urged, entreated; but Patrick had recognized God's command. "It was not any grace in me, but God who overcometh in me; and He withstood them all, so that I came to the heathen Irish to preach the Gospel and to endure insults from unbelievers."

This stark obedience of Saint Patrick, this denial of all human comfort, this loneliness which was "the gift of God"

to him, is the keynote of his heroic life, and far more endearing than his wonder-working. He knew, for one thing, the unmitigated aloneness of remaining a foreigner among strange people. If his speech was crude—and he knew it was, beside that of the cultivated Irish—well, it was not his native tongue. He writes:

I have not studied as others have, who . . . have never changed their speech from their infancy, but rather have been always rendering it more perfect. . . . When a youth, nay, almost a boy, I went into captivity in language as well as in person . . . and so today I blush and am exceedingly afraid to lay bare my lack of education; because I am unable to make my meaning plain in a few words to the learned.

It was by no means only the heathen who taunted him. The gibes of his clerical confrères were for a long time loud and painful. With all the hardships of his foreign apostolate, he had their jealousy and misunderstanding to cope with as well. "I am envied. . . . Some despise me." His was an honorable See for so ill-educated a missionary. "Behind my back they were saying, 'Why does this fellow thrust himself into danger amongst hostile people who know not God.' . . . It did not seem meet in their eyes on account of my illiteracy, as I myself witness that I have understood." Even his *Confession* has been put off until advanced age: "I had long since thought of writing; but I hesitated until now; for I feared lest I should fall under the censure of men's tongues."

The most meager quotation from Saint Patrick discloses the pronounced scriptural tone of his writing. Patrick, it must be admitted, was a man of one book, the book being his Bible. Understandably, it was Saint Paul in particular that he turned to. "The Paul of the Gael" is Robert Farren's apt epithet for Patrick (*This Man Was Ireland*), and the parallel between the two missions is an obvious one.

So familiar is he with the Pauline Epistles that his writing continually echoes their expressions. "I do not trust myself," he writes, "as long as I am in the body of this death." Recalling a time when God spoke to him, he says: ". . . whether within me or beside me, I cannot tell, God knoweth." Looking over his long career, he speaks of himself as being "spent for your souls," and he declares that "unto this hour, the Lord being gracious to me, I have kept the faith." Of the Resurrection he promises that "we shall rise on that day in the clear shining of the sun, that is, in the glory of Christ Jesus our Redeemer, as sons of the living God and joint heirs with Christ." When some devout women proffered little gifts, he promptly returned them "so as to keep myself warily in all things," and "that the heathen might receive me and the ministry of my service on any grounds." He would give them no occasion to disparage his preaching.

More tellingly than in points of style, however, Saint Patrick recalls the great Apostle in his passionate devotion to his converts, his dear children. For the untimely martyrdom of his little band he laments deeply in the midst of his white indignation against Coroticus. "Therefore in sadness and grief shall I cry aloud: 'O most lovely and beloved brethren, and sons whom I begot in Christ . . . what shall I do for you?' . . . I grieve for you, I grieve, O ye most dear to me." But again, "Thanks be to God, it was as baptized believers that ye departed from the world to Paradise."

It is easy and natural to regard Saint Patrick as a man of action, to praise his manifold labors and privations and miracles. But to discover the mystic, to hear him speak simply of his prayer and his intimate union with God, is the best reward of the searcher of his writings. Patrick relates that as a boy he was not a fervent follower of his Lord; rather he attributes the misfortunes of his people to their

infidelities, their capture by the Irish being the vengeance of God on their lukewarmness. But it was in his captivity that he first found "the gift of God." . . . "Because then I earnestly sought Him, and there I found Him, and . . . His indwelling Spirit who hath worked in me until this day." Out on the hills, he tells, he tended the flocks and in his solitude began to pray. Out there his love and his faith grew, and he would stay as long as he could so that he might pray the more. Finally this prayer became his whole life, and grew so strong that he often lost awareness of his surroundings. "And before daybreak I used to be roused to prayer, in snow, in frost, in rain; and I felt no hurt; nor was there any sluggishness in me—as I now see, because then the Spirit was fervent within me."

Out on the hills the commands of the Lord first came to him. One night in sleep he was told that he was soon to go back to his fatherland; and, shortly after, he knew that somewhere at a distance his ship was ready and he must find it. Back in Britain, when the call to Ireland came and Patrick met it at first doubtfully and reluctantly, God again deigned to speak plainly. "He thus affirmed," relates Patrick, "'He who laid down His life for thee, He it is who speaketh in thee.' And so I awoke, rejoicing."

From the beginning Patrick seems to have known that the sacrifice was absolute. To Coroticus he writes: "And so I dwell in the midst of barbarians, a stranger and an exile for the love of God. . . . I am bound in the Spirit not to see any one of my kinsfolk." In the story of his life, a single aside reveals how humanly he longed that it might be otherwise. Once, he says, he even prepared to return for only a visit to his homeland . . . "and glad and ready I was to do so . . . God knoweth that I used to desire it exceedingly." But he was never to go back.

I am bound in the Spirit, Who witnesseth to me that if I should do this, He would note me as guilty; and I fear to lose the labor which I began; and yet not I, but Christ the Lord who commanded me to come and be with them for the remainder of my life, if the Lord will. . . . Hence, therefore, I render unwearied thanks to my God Who kept me faithful in the day of my temptation, so that today I can confidently offer to Him a sacrifice, as a living victim, my soul to Christ my Lord. . . . And if I should be worthy, I am ready to give even my life for His name's sake unhesitatingly and very gladly; and there I desire to spend it even unto death, if the Lord would grant it to me.

It is a pity that no writer of distinction has demonstrated the true stature of Patrick. Assuredly there is no lack of love for him; and in name at least he is "probably the best known man in the world." But under this bushel of vociferous admiration burns unseen a candle of faith and trust that ought to be lighting up the troubled earth. Patrick's greatness transcends nationalities; he is no more insular than Saint Paul himself but, by all the rights of sanctity, a citizen of the universe.

For all time and for all the races of men, for bitter doubt and shattering heartbreak, the courage of Patrick still affirms: "Whatever may happen to me, whether good or bad, I ought to receive it with an equal mind, and ever render thanks to God, Who showed me that I might trust Him endlessly, as one that cannot be doubted." And the best of men and supermen might grow more humble, watching this extraordinary man convert a nation and then sit down in old age to write: "Let no man ever say it was my ignorance that did whatever trifling matter I did . . . but let it be most truly believed that it was the gift of God. And this is my confession before I die."

BOOKS

PRECURSOR OF SOCIAL REVOLUTION

ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEEN-EIGHTIES. By Helen Merrell Lynd. Oxford University Press. \$4.50

THE ENGLAND of the latter part of the nineteenth century, as our own Middletown a half-century later, experienced profound social and economic changes. Economic liberalism was a system that relied upon achieving welfare by indirection. It was believed that social welfare would arise from the individual pursuit of personal gain. In this belief, Mrs. Lynd points out, men proceeded to grope their way toward an undefined future hand over hand along the quantitative guide-rope of private accumulation of wealth. When it became apparent that this interpretation of individualism was a formula for self-deception, the familiar processes of change began to manifest themselves in an effort to bring social fact and social theory into closer alignment.

The Eighteen-Eighties raised the question of the nature and limits of individual freedom and of social control. Today this problem of the possibilities and conditions of human freedom is even more critical than it was in the Victorian era or the early days of the New Deal. The 'Eighties brought no basic change in social institutions which might help to solve it. Nor, except in the case of a few exceptionally discerning persons, did the social philosophy developed in the 'Eighties conceive the problem in terms of positive and diversified individual freedom. What this philosophy did do was to clear away some of the arbitrary limits on the range of human possibilities set up by early Protestantism, Utilitarianism and classical economics, and to open the way for wider concepts. It made possible a richer idea of human happiness and of what might be achieved by human effort. Thus the 'Eighties was a period of education and preparation, of accustoming people to new ways of seeing England and of interpreting relations among men. It insisted on the urgency of questions of human well-being, enlarged the conception of welfare, and accustomed people to the possibility of social action to help to create individual welfare. It did not bring social revolution, but it helped to make ready the way for it.

Mrs. Lynd is careful to underscore the fact that collectivism and social security, as the 'Eighties developed them, are not freedom; but they help to prepare the soil in which freedom may grow. Decent food and decent housing do not give men spiritual life, but they are a better basis for it than starvation.

Mrs. Lynd has written an able and well documented study. The evidence collected is so copious and detailed as at times to obscure the main current of the story. The second part of the book is devoted to the role of social institutions in change, although it is ultimately conceded that neither economic, political, religious nor educational institutions initiated change. However, there is much in the book to indicate that changes in life and thought in England often precede, by sometimes a half century, similar changes in this country. The New Deal, from the English viewpoint, is as dated as the bustle.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

CALM STATEMENT OF VEXED PROBLEM

GERMANY BETWEEN TWO WARS: A STUDY OF PROPAGANDA AND WAR GUILT. By Lindley Fraser. Oxford University Press. \$2.50

WE NOW BEHOLD the awe-inspiring spectacle of a powerful, aggressive nation lying in violent, convulsive agony. The fate it so recently inflicted upon others now descends upon its own head with multiplied fury. And from the circle of survivors and spectators arises a chorus of comment. Some cry out shrilly for unrestrained vengeance. Others more soberly search history and their consciences for a correct diagnosis of the catastrophe and the means of making the like unlikely in the future.

Mr. Fraser in his *Germany Between Two Wars: A Study of Propaganda and War Guilt* is cool, calm and collected, as



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befits a British gentleman. He writes fluently and lucidly and marshals his many interesting facts with attractive ease. In neither substance nor style does he allow himself any excesses, and the indictment he presents thereby greatly gains in force. It is not so much new material that makes his book interesting as it is the way in which the by now almost tiresome story is told. For anyone who thinks he can't bear to hear any more about Germany's war guilt this is refreshing reading.

There are a few points on which he will surely be challenged in some American readers' minds. For instance, while many will agree with his (tactfully suggested) condemnation of American post-Versailles isolationism, not very many will subscribe to his rather rosy interpretation of British colonial policy. Some will be surprised to hear that Wilson's Fourteen Points were not, in specific fact, the condition on which the Allies agreed to the armistice of 1918. The American reply to the German request for an armistice on the basis of the Fourteen Points "stated that conditions of the armistice must be left to the judgment of the Allied military advisers; in other words, it specifically refused to concede the Fourteen Points as a basis for negotiating the laying down of German arms."

Neither did the Fourteen Points constitute the basis for the final peace treaty; nor were they in any case as favorable to Germany as propaganda has since made out; but finally, even if they were all this, they were scrupulously carried out by the Allies in the end anyway, with the exception of one minor point, says Mr. Fraser. This does not, however, seem to be what the general American public knows or believes. Just recently the widely viewed and acclaimed moving picture, *Wilson*, gave fresh support to the simpler, popular version of the Fourteen Points' role.

Mr. Fraser does not make much of a distinction between Nazis and Germans. Through their explicit or tacit acquiescence the latter share the former's guilt. Still he seems to retain faith in some (undefined) Germans, and there is an unmistakable note of longing between his lines that these may come to the fore and help make the world a place to live in, for all, including themselves.

M. STAERK

DEAN IN A TRIANGLE

THE VIOLENT FRIENDS. By Winston Clewes. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$2.50

MR. CLEWES has got hold of an absorbing theme in this, his first novel: the triangular relationship that existed among Jonathan Swift, Esther Johnson and Hester Van Honrigh, the famous Stella and Vanessa of the *Journals*. He strikes a nice balance, in this fictionalized segment of the Dean's life, between private and civic concerns, by introducing the fascinating business of the *Drapier* pamphlets championing Ireland against the currency "jobbery" of a Whig ministry and its coin-clipping lackey, William Wood. This latter matter is handled with a fine sense of novelistic and historical discrimination. Just how a reader who is versed in that greatest of biographical *cruces*, the Stella-Vanessa puzzle, will react to Mr. Clewes' psychological resolution of the baffling coil will depend somewhat on what theory he backs himself; one cannot gauge the denouement on purely novelistic bases for the simple but iron-clad reason that it is not a sheerly novelistic problem. Mr. Clewes has risked this objection; he passes muster upon this score as well as anyone can or will until some chance, if unlikely, revelation clears up the maze in the future.

The central figure, Swift, is very much of a success; stormy, darkling, his ecclesiastical cloak flying out, he strides angrily through the soft Dublin air of the book, gnawing his savage and tender heart like an old bone. Mr. Clewes has some splendid things to say about the inhuman fastidiousness that tortured the satirist's delicate nostrils amid the filth and stench of eighteenth-century Ireland; also, although his intention is not literary criticism, he gives us certain penetrating insights into Swift's work, especially *Gulliver*. His portrait is fairer than the niggling scale Thackeray drew the Dean to in *Esmond*; but it may be questioned whether

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Thackeray didn't have a truer concept of biography in relation to the novel. His Swift, true to fact or not, was a satisfactorily vivid supernumerary.

The real Swift, whatever the ultimate secret of his quicksilver and iron personality, may be of too towering a stature for even the vivid situations of Mr. Clewes' contriving. *The Violent Friends* exists in play form as well; perhaps the drama, of its nature, is better suited to overcoming these difficulties with its convention of arresting silhouette as opposed to the novel's microscopic cross-section.

CHARLES A. BRADY

THE HIGH ROAD. By Frances Grinstead. Doubleday, Doran and Co. \$2.50

WRITTEN IN THE VERNACULAR of the country the author knows so well, this first novel tells a simple tale directly, and with a sincerity and dignity that defy ridicule of the rather primitive people depicted. It takes you back to a time when home, family and God were all-important.

In the out-of-the-way section of Missouri which is the locale of this story, boys were considered grown men at sixteen; having finished eighth grade, they were ready to clear a piece of ground, erect a log house, marry and rear a large family. These simple folk derived their sustenance from the crops they planted and the stock they raised; their only social activities were picnic house "raisings," revival meetings and "play parties" where old and young joined in the square dances to the enticing strains of a fiddle.

Rove Carruther's enmity towards Abner Holly began over a knife trade before they finished school. Later Abner's delight in outsmarting and tormenting Rove led to several vicious fights. When Rove was seventeen he learned at a prayer meeting of the difficult, high road to Heaven, and decided to be saved. Shortly after his river baptism he and Jubilee were married. Then he began to feel that the Lord was calling him to preach, and so he practised sermons to the detriment of his crops, and when the first baby came they were very poor. Finally Rove had an opportunity to preach in their Pinoak church, but spoiled it by exhorting Abner to give up his sinful ways; he was not asked to preach again. Still he thought the Lord expected something of him, even if it was only to convert Abner. How Rove brought Abner around I'll leave for your enjoyment; but he did. Then he became Minister at Pinoak, and the neighbors held a "Pounding" and presented their choicest offerings to their preacher "who was the Lord's voice in their midst."

It was refreshing to read a book in which the sanctity of the home, marriage "until death," pride in large families and a simple sincere faith in Christ were taken for granted. It rings so true that, even though it pictures only a tiny section of our vast country, I believe it to be a valuable contribution to Americana.

ANGELA C. O'HARA

THE MYSTERY OF INIQUITY. Paul Hanly Furfey. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$2

THIS BOOK is a call to declare war. Catholicism has its own social theory, its own understanding of, and solutions for, social problems. Its social teaching presupposes man's supernatural destiny and faces the reality of Satan's enmity in our lives—"the mystery of iniquity" (2 Thessalonians II, 7). Those postulates of Catholic social thought make it fundamentally different from all other social theories and practices. The Catholic social leaders and thinkers who would minimize the basic difference and over-emphasize the apparent similarity between their own doctrine and that of modern materialism, in its various forms, are guilty of what Father Furfey calls "conformism." That is cowardly, disloyal to Christ and Catholicism. Such is the thesis of Father Furfey's quite provocative and very readable *Mystery of Iniquity*. He substantiates his thesis by demonstrating conformism at work in such problems as economic inequality, irreligious practices in social work, industrial strife, disintegration of the home, interracial injustice and rationalistic selfishness. The study of each problem is up-to-date, supported by facts, and described clearly.

It is a real pleasure to read Father Furfey's fighting words. Catholic social movements must be less compromis-

ing, more militantly positive. I believe, however, that the author is extreme in demanding that Catholic social leaders adopt a policy of militant *isolationism*. For there are many social reforms required by Catholic and non-Catholic sociology alike. So long as there is no obscuring of Catholic motives and teaching, cooperation in such reforms is certainly justifiable. Besides, Father Furfey has "begged the question" in claiming that sociology connotes an ethic. Insofar as sociology is considered as a science, not a normative discipline, its relation to ethics is still questioned.

JOSEPH B. SCHUYLER, S.J.

COACHING ROADS OF OLD NEW ENGLAND. By George Francis Marlowe. The Macmillan Co. \$3.50

ANYONE WHO, with Henry James, delights "in a palpable, imaginable, visitable past" and would like a quick excursion into the days before the minuet tempo of life lapsed into a march, might well take this as a guide book. It traces the development of the system of roads which united and nourished our foetal republic, and pauses at the famous hostleries dotting those early arteries. The great men of the time have prominent place, but lesser lights like Levi Pease "the Father of the Turnpike" and Mike Martin (alias Captain Lightfoot) who died with such exquisite gallantry on the gallows whither his highway robbery had brought him, are fascinating supernumeraries.

The savory ghosts of dinners long ago and nostalgic hangovers from famous bouts (such, God save us all, as that which marked the ordination of the Reverend Joseph McKean at Beverly in 1785) are fragrant scholia to Dr. Johnson's thesis that "there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." The author has illustrated his book with some thirty superb drawings. When one says that their craftsmanship and sensitiveness make Mr. Marlowe's writing pale by comparison, one is not denying that his text is chatty, informative, highly civilized.

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY

THE BATTLE WITHIN. By Philip Gibbs. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50

THIS NOVEL by Philip Gibbs is a story of present-day England, the England that had been battered and beaten during the early years of the war, but is now retaliating, its planes going out nightly to pour death and destruction on Germany.

The Haddons, of Ashleigh Heath, are a typical English family, carrying bravely on despite grief and hardships. Their son, Peter, a pilot in the R.A.F., is killed in combat over Naples. Pearl, the daughter, had been engaged to a young German before he left England to fight for his fatherland. Because of her love for him, Pearl is suspected of being pro-Nazi. The atrocities of the Germans destroyed her faith in him and all Germans, and we admire her courage in choosing loyalty to country over that to her lover. Mr. Gibbs brings out in this book the moral dangers to young war-wives and mothers, as well as physical hardships to be endured. We cannot help but sympathize with the difficulties of the Vicar of Ashleigh Heath, Mr. Marlow, when he is denounced as being pro-Nazi because he preaches that we must love our enemies, as Christ has taught.

The author has the knack of putting his characters clearly and vividly before us. We feel a great sympathy with these war-torn people. It is a book one enjoys to the end.

MONICA C. MOONEY

SISTER MARY THECLA, S.C., is on the English staff of Seton Hill College, Greensburg, Pa.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR, formerly professor of History at Saint John's University, Brooklyn, is now engaged in war work in Washington.

M. STAERK is professor of International Relations at Rosemont College, Rosemont, Pa.

CHARLES A. BRADY is professor of English at Canisius College, Buffalo, N. Y.

JOSEPH B. SCHUYLER, S.J., is making his philosophical studies at St. Louis University.

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THEATRE

COMING PLAYS. Characteristically, after putting us through the first week of March with no new play at all, our Broadway producers announced five new plays for the second week!

Of course we won't be given five plays a week, and most of the producers will receive some "back kicks" from even the number we do have. Producers should really try to remember that they themselves may be the worst sufferers from their own mistakes. Even intrepid souls who will attend four or five new plays a week are apt to become bored by the third or fourth play and thereafter hypercritical.

But now let's cheer up. We really have a number of good plays coming, judging by the names of distinguished authors who have new dramas in tryouts "on the road." Philip Barry, George Kelly and Rachel Crothers are among these. An offering that is supposed to be on the New York stage when these lines appear is *Happily Ever After*, the Donald Kirkley-Howard Burman comedy which planned to start on March 12. The producers modestly omitted the name of the theatre from their preliminary announcements. *Calico Wedding* was definitely scheduled for the National on the 7th, preceding it by almost a week. *Simon's Wife* is also announced for March's second week, as well as the American Negro Theatres' new production, *Garden of Time*.

Foolish Notion, by Philip Barry, is down for opening on the 13th at the Martin Beck; *The Dark of the Moon* supposedly follows at the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre on March 14, and Rachel Crothers' first play in eight years, *Bill Comes Back*, is postponed from its announced opening at the Booth on March 15. We still hope that Rachel and Bill will "come back" together. *The Deep Mrs. Sykes*, George Kelly's new offering, announced for the 15th, may be postponed.

There is a promised list of players we shall all be glad to welcome back to New York. Laurette Taylor leads one group and Tallulah Bankhead another. Miss Bankhead stars in *Foolish Notion*. There are also Fred Stone (not in a dancing role, which seems a pity), Henry Hull and Eddie Dowling.

Offerings scheduled for late March include *The Firebrand of Florence*, March 22 at the Alvin; *You Can't Take It With You*, a revival of the Kaufman-Hart success, with Fred Stone in the lead; *The Lovely Leave, A Place of Our Own*, by Elliott Nugent (also produced by John Golden), *It's a Gift* and *The Glass Menagerie*. The last play is awaited with special eagerness, as Eddie Dowling and Laurette Taylor will carry the leading roles. It is scheduled to open at the Playhouse on March 31, following its successful try-out in Chicago.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN. If ballyhoo alone could guarantee the success of a film, this one would be a hit, for Twentieth Century-Fox has advertised it to the skies. However, it is a Hollywood product that can stand on its own artistic merits and emerge as a real winner. Practically everyone who can read knows that this is the screen adaptation of Betty Smith's novel, set in a Brooklyn slum. It is the story of poverty, of teeming life in the Williamsburgh area of fifty years ago but, beyond all that, it is the delicate, poignant story of an imaginative little girl, old beyond her years, who reaches for the stars from her lowly tenement surroundings, and seems assured of touching them, at least spiritually, as she matures. Francie Nolan, played with exquisite sensitiveness by wistful Peggy Ann Garner, is the offspring of a happy-go-lucky, but impractical father (James Dunn) and an upright mother (Dorothy McGuire), who is constantly fighting the poverty that encompasses her family. The child's dreamy-eyed adoration of her father, her final awakening to the worth of her mother, are things that linger in the memory. Meanwhile, the picture is filled with more material highlights and crises in the life of the Nolan family. There is a touching sequence built around little Francie's attempts to have a festive Christmas; there is pathos in the little girl's experiences at a new school; there is tragedy when Johnny, who spins dreams that never become real, dies; there is a fierceness, resolving itself into tenderness, as the daughter's acceptance of her mother grows into understanding, then affection. However, this story is not all sadness; there are light, laughable bits that shine through the murky dimness of a gaslit tenement. The acting of the three principals is superb, with other fine performances contributed by Joan Blondell, Ted Donaldson, James Gleason and Lloyd Nolan. Elia Kazan's direction is so deft that he has made the place, the people and their experiences come completely alive. Here is a warm tale, dotted with heartbreak, at the same time sprinkled with beauty, one that every adult cine-magoer will want to see. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT. Based on *Heart of a City*, a stage play, this is the record of a London music-hall comedy troupe who never fail to give a daily scheduled performance despite buzz bombs and the Blitz. Rita Hayworth is the American performer who carries on, sings and dances through it all and has a somewhat hectic romance with Lee Bowman, an R.A.F. pilot. Though there are lavish Technicolor effects and entertaining musical routines, this must be rated *objectionable* because of suggestiveness in song, dance, dialogue and costumes. (Columbia)

MARY SHERIDAN

PARADE

A FEW DAYS ago, a police chief in one of our large American cities placed a bundle of documents in a file and sighed: "There goes another unsolved murder case." . . . The homicide divisions of the nation's police departments have numerous cases of murder in which the culprit is never caught. . . . The oldest unsolved murder mystery coming to light lately was described in a newspaper dispatch from Lisbon, which reads as follows: "A murder mystery 400 years old has been uncovered in the Italian city of Viterbo by Allied bombs, according to a Rome dispatch in a copy of the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* received here. The dispatch said that the bodies of two men and a woman, all with fractured skulls and clad in sixteenth-century dress, were found in the sarcophagus of Cardinal Vice Domini when preparations were made to move it from a bomb-damaged church. The cardinal died in the thirteenth century. A sixteenth-century murderer, the dispatch added, apparently hid the bodies in the sarcophagus." . . . Murder mysteries exist more ancient even than this, mysteries which will remain unsolved down to the Day of Judgment. . . . That day will be a red-letter affair for many police chiefs, homicide-bureau men, detectives in general. . . . We can picture the thrilling scenes that will enliven the proceedings. . . . We can imagine, for example, this conversation between a detective and a tall, thin man. . . . Detective: "Seems to me I had something to

do with you down on earth. But I can't exactly place you." . . . Tall Man: "I do not remember you at all. I was murdered when I was forty-three." . . . Detective: "By George, I got it now. You were that corpse at the Wayside Inn." . . . Tall Man: "That's right. Are you one of the cops who worked on my case?" . . . Detective: "Yeah. We never solved your case. Finally had to put it under the unsolved cases." . . . Tall Man: "I heard that and was wishing I could tell you, but I had passed out." . . . Detective: "I didn't stay around long myself. I was shot and killed by a punk a few years later. By the way, who gave you the works?" . . . Tall Man: "A fellow named Jones. There he is over there." . . . Detective: "So that's the guy. Why, we never even suspected him. Well, it doesn't make any difference now. They got him at last." . . . Tall Man: "That's right. They sure got him now. Up here you see clearly for the first time that the guy was right who said: 'Crime doesn't pay.'" . . . Detective: "That's right. Nobody beats the rap up here, not even the guys who beat it back on earth."

There will be many interesting features on General Judgment Day. . . . One will be this: Every member of the human race, from Adam down to the last man, will then see clearly, many of them for the first time, that sin does not pay.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

PEACETIME MILITARY TRAINING

EDITOR: As a serviceman's wife and a Catholic mother, I wish to congratulate AMERICA for its intelligent stand against peacetime compulsory military service.

It seems to me especially important in our democratic land that the men now at the fronts be given an opportunity to consider and decide upon a question so vital to their children. Congress should not bind future generations to a system of military service—patently evil in the minds of many—without an opportunity for free and full public discussion by the fathers of those who will be involved.

Highland Springs, Va.

SOLDIER'S WIFE

CIO NEWS PROTESTS

EDITOR: I am writing to protest against a slanderously irresponsible and completely inaccurate reference to myself and the CIO News in the article *Showdown in CIO*, by Benjamin L. Masse, in the February 24 issue of AMERICA.

The article alleges that the CIO News "helped to plant the dagger in Mr. Murray's back" by burying "the May-Bailey story in an innocuous spot on page five of the January 29 issue." But the most cursory glance by the writer at the CIO News would have revealed that in the January 22 issue we gave our most prominent front-page display to CIO policy on the May-Bailey Bill, as enunciated by President Murray; printed it as our main news story on page three, the chief news page which runs through all editions; printed a cartoon on it on page six, followed by the leading editorial on the same page; and devoted half of page nine to text of President Murray's statement on the subject. I do not know how any paper could more vigorously play up an issue than the CIO News has done in this case.

Furthermore, from the enclosed marked copies of the CIO News you will note that in the six issues following President Murray's statement of the CIO position, the CIO News has consistently campaigned for this, as for all other matters of national CIO policy, calling front-page attention to it in three issues; printing three editorials on the subject; and carrying about a score of stories explaining our position, printing text of President Murray's later testimony before the Senate Military Affairs Committee and repeatedly urging action by our members.

Washington, D. C.

LEN DECAUX
Editor, the CIO News

EDITOR: Unfortunately I missed the January 22 issue of the CIO News which, as Mr. De Caux states, featured President Murray's testimony before the House Military Affairs Committee. When I wrote that the CIO News "helped to plant the dagger in Mr. Murray's back," I had in mind the following circumstances:

1. The *Daily Worker* was supporting the May-Bailey Bill.
2. Milton Murray, president of the Newspaper Guild (CIO) had written to his paper that representatives of Communist-dominated CIO unions had lobbied for the May-Bailey Bill. The same charge was made in other papers.
3. The editor of the CIO News, rightly or wrongly, is widely regarded as a "fellow-traveler." For instance, he consistently uses stories by the Allied Labor News, reputedly a straight Communist news agency.
4. On January 29 the House began debate on the May-Bailey Bill and passed it on February 1.
5. The January 29 issue of the CIO News, appearing at what was obviously a very critical moment, buried, as I said, a brief story on page 5.

In view of all this, my criticism of the CIO News will appear to be at least understandable, and certainly not "slanderously irresponsible." Now, however, after reading the coverage of the May-Bailey Bill in the January 22 issue, I willingly grant that my severe judgment was unwarranted. Accordingly, I gladly and wholeheartedly apologize to Mr. De Caux.

I do not share, though, Mr. De Caux's wonderment as to how "any paper could more vigorously play up an issue than the CIO News has done in this case." As I write, the manpower issue is still in the balance, being hotly debated in the Senate; yet, in the current (March 5) number of the *News*, there is not a single line on the question! That, with all due respect to the editorial judgment of Mr. De Caux, is not my idea of the utmost in the vigorous handling of an issue.

New York, N. Y.

BENJAMIN L. MASSE

"STUMPING" FOR GOD

EDITOR: It was a pleasure to read Miss Mary Virginia Doyle's story in AMERICA (March 3) of the good work done by the graduates of Rosary College while *Stumping For God* in North Carolina. It recalled the occasion many years ago when my assistant and I were privileged to address 40 open-air meetings in that State, which were arranged by Father Cornelius E. Murphy, thanks to the Most Rev. William J. Hafey, then Bishop of Raleigh.

To keep the record of laymen's open-air work straight, I desire to say that such work in America did not stem from the Catholic Evidence Guild of England, as may be learned by reading *Campaigning For Christ* and the *Autobiography of a Campaigner For Christ*. It was organized in 1916 as the Catholic Truth Guild. A series of 80 outdoor meetings was addressed in 90 days within the Archdiocese of Boston, beginning on historic Boston Common on Independence Day, 1917. And a San Francisco-to-Boston tour was conducted, to demonstrate nationally the timeliness and practicability of laymen carrying the Catholic message to the man in the street. This was in 1918, the year when the Catholic Evidence Guild of England was organized.

Boston, Mass.

DAVID GOLDSTEIN

EDITOR: As a non-native priest of the Raleigh Diocese, I protest the appearance of the article entitled *Stumping for God* in the March 3 issue of AMERICA. The article is full of unfounded inferences which erroneously convey to Catholics of other parts an impression of utter backwardness of the peoples of North Carolina. The prevailing character of this State is highly cultural and profoundly Christian. Similar isolated conditions noted in the article can be cited in any remote section of the country. A sympathetic attitude towards the people will be far more productive of good than a flippant critical approach.

Charlotte, N. C.

(REV.) FREDERICK A. KOCH

EDITOR: I hope Miss Doyle's inspiring and informative article on the extraordinary work of Rosary College's Catholic Evidence Guild may be pursued with interest in other Catholic girls' colleges. Certainly the splendid missionary accomplishments of this zealous group could be profitably copied by more of our Catholic colleges. Most secular universities have "liberal" organizations actively propagating Communist-inspired ideologies; some are hotbeds of atheistic and agnostic teaching.

If only a fraction of the time and energy given to social functions in our colleges were devoted to training speakers to carry the message of Christ and His church into the "highways and hedges," there would soon be street-teachers enough to go out each summer into every corner of the land that needs open-air groundwork.

I've talked with students of several Catholic colleges for girls. I've talked, too, with deans and other faculty members of some of these institutions. It is not the girls, but rather the deans and their Superiors that are lukewarm toward the suggestion of adding so ambitious a project to their already overcrowded calendar of extra-curricular activities. Let Rosary College show them it can be done.

PAUL DEARING, President,
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College of the Holy Cross, Worcester 3, Mass.

THE WORD

THE MASS of Passion Sunday begins with the psalm we ordinarily recite in the prayers at the foot of the altar, "Judge me, O God." Pass judgment in my favor, O God. On our lips it is a prayer that God look on the better selves we know we have within us, on the good and holy desires we have, on the innocence we strive for, though never wholly achieve. On the lips of Christ approaching His Passion, the words have a more literal meaning. He could without fear, without excuse, face the judgment of God. He was wholly innocent. There was in Him nothing worthy of reproach, nothing that merited punishment or suffering.

On our lips, unless we are wholeheartedly striving for goodness, the words can be our own condemnation. They can be almost blasphemous words. They can strike fear into our hearts, for we know that, whether we request it or not, God must some day pass judgment on us. On the lips of Christ, they have a confident sound, they carry the surety of the triumph of innocence in the Resurrection, the triumph of the Innocent Christ, and the triumph of all those who through Christ and with Christ try daily to offer themselves a "spotless host" to the Holy Trinity.

Used as they are today, in the Mass of Passion Sunday, they are a reminder that even innocence is not a safeguard against suffering. "They took up therefore stones to cast at Him," at the Innocent One (John 8:46-59). Within the next few weeks, all the hateful list of bitter, unjust things—disloyalty, ingratitude, mistrust, misunderstanding, mockery, rejection, abandonment—will be heaped on Him unto the fiendish culmination of Calvary—on Him the Innocent One.

Surely, there is a mystery here, the mystery of suffering, the suffering above all of the innocent. The answer to the mystery is also there, but it is an answer that can be understood only through a long, humble, deep study of the Innocent One who hangs on the Cross. If the Innocent One, the only-begotten of God, the dearly beloved of the Father, bore all this. . . . If the Wisdom of the Innocent Christ deliberately made suffering the test of love. . . . If Innocence and Divinity endowed suffering with a purifying force, with a redeeming value. . . .

Here is a letter from a suffering soldier who must have meditated deeply on Divine Innocence suffering:

DEAR POP:

Here we go again. Things are coming along fine. It's slow work, but I'm improving daily. Just had a long talk with the nurse and she convinced me that I should tell you what I'm going to. You will have to know it eventually, but I was going to put it off as long as possible.

First of all, I want you to know that I am really cheerful and looking forward to getting home and learning to live a kind of new and different life. Instead of being blue and discouraged, I'm very hopeful and have plenty of faith in a happy future. Now I'll tell you what happened to me. So kind of brace yourself.

My legs are pretty badly wounded, but in time will be as good as new. I lost my right arm just below the elbow. Right now I can't see, but with the facilities in the hospitals at home, the eye doctor tells me there is a slight chance that they can make me see. However, I'm not really counting on that, because I have a feeling that I will remain this way.

Well, Dad, there is the story. I hated to tell it to you, but I knew you would want to know. For gosh sakes, please don't feel sorry for me. If you could see me here in the hospital and all the fun I'm having kidding the nurses and talking with all the swell visitors we have, you would say, "there's nothing wrong with that guy, send him back to duty!" I've still got a heck of a lot to live for, and that plus my Faith will probably make me the happiest guy around town. . . .

There is more in the letter, simple, friendly, grateful things. The Passion of Christ is still being continued in the Members of Christ. The innocent, those who sincerely say "Judge me, O God," are still suffering, and still finding strength and joy in the Passion of the Innocent One.

JOHN P. DELANEY

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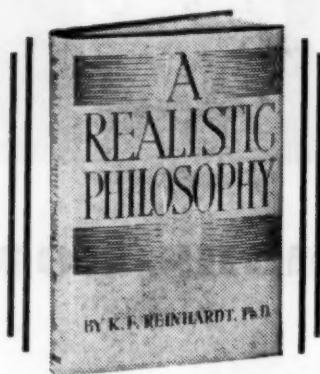
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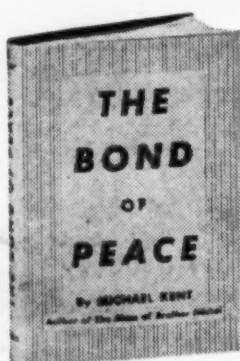
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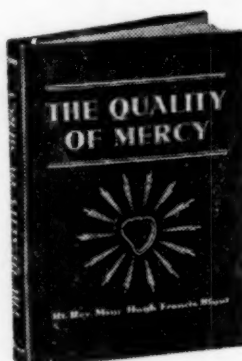
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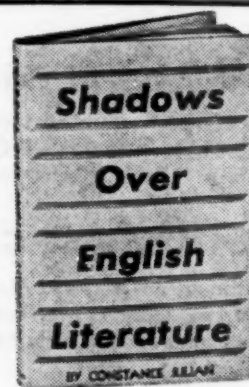
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